

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01819 0535

GENEALOGY

929.2

G651G

✓



A Glimpse into the Past
of
The Gorder Family

by

AUGUST GORDER

THE 3RD

Printed at THE LUND PRESS, MINNEAPOLIS

\$3.00 Per Copy

PREFACE

Some years ago sister Bertha suggested that some one ought to write a history of the Gorder family. She thought that the writer would be best equipped to do this and urged that I undertake the task.

I did not think that I could write a history of the family, but thought I might be able to gather purely statistical material for a more or less complete genealogy.

About two years ago I started gathering information in my spare time with this end in view. The more information I collected the more stupendous the task seemed to become. I finally came to the conclusion that the job of collecting and collating all the information on all of the descendants of August and Louisa Gorder who emigrated to America from Germany in eighteen hundred and fifty-three was too much for my limited capabilities.

However I did not want to give up entirely and throw all of the work I had done into the waste basket, so I compromised by getting out a partial genealogy which contains information on the earlier generations of the family. Each branch of the family may carry on from where I left off, if they wish to do so. I have left blank space in the book which should be sufficient for additional entries for some time to come. As blank spaces become filled extra sheets may be pasted into the book. This book will not last forever, of course, but the information it contains should be of value to any future historians of the clan.

With apologies to those branches of the family which are not as thoroughly covered as my branch, but with the hope that the book contains much information which will be of interest and use to them I herewith greet the entire Gorder Kindred.

THE AUTHOR



THE FIRST GENERATION
August and Louisa Gorder



THE SECOND GENERATION
Sons and daughters of August and Louisa Gorder
STANDING — William, August and Sophia
SEATED — Wilhelmina, Frederick and Henrietta



*August and Maria Gorder
of the Second Generation*



THE THIRD GENERATION

*Sons and daughters of August and Maria Gorder
STANDING — Edwin, Bertha, Lena, Mary and Henry*

SEATED — August, Louisa, Emma and Albert

Ida and Leonard not shown, had passed away before this picture was taken.



*The Old Family Home 1904, with Mother, August, Edwin,
Lena, and Hattie and Walter Kaercher*



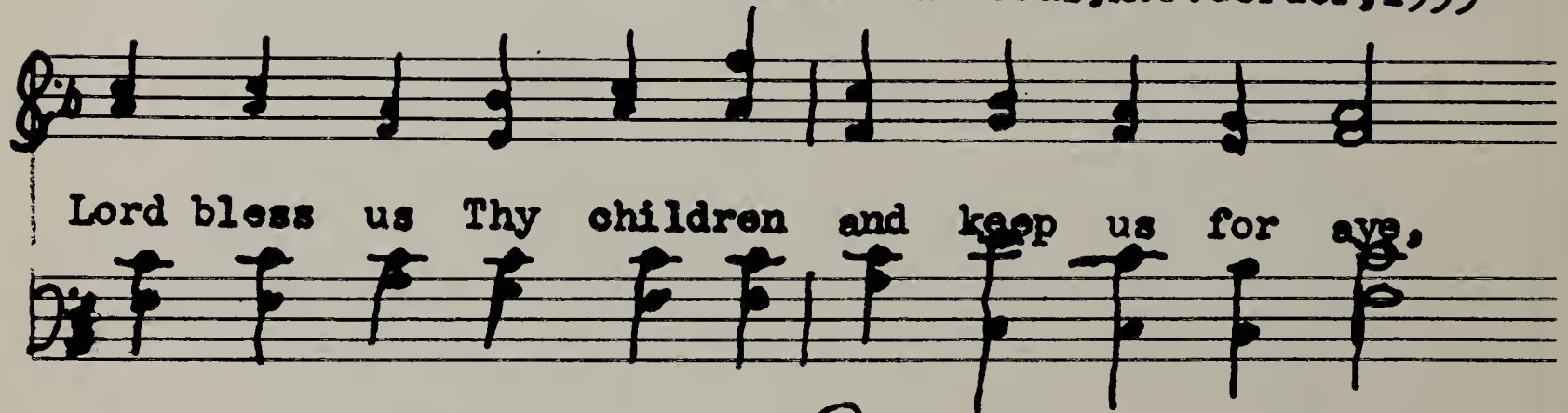
A typical Family Re-union of the early 1920's at Firemen's Park, Waterloo, Wisconsin



THE AUTHOR
August Gorder the third

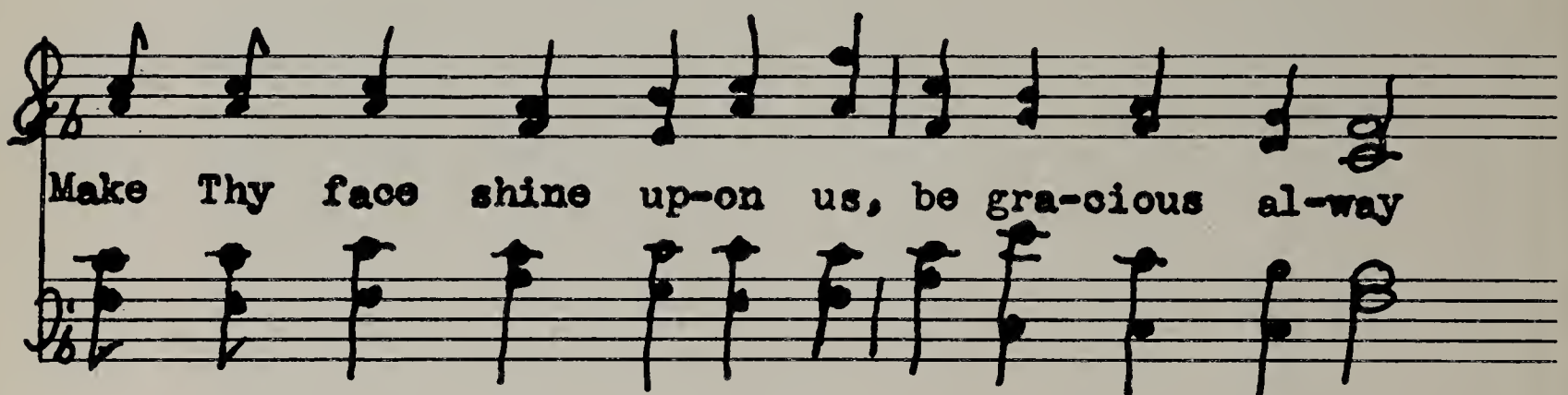
CLOSING PRAYER

Music & Words, A.F. Gorder, 1933



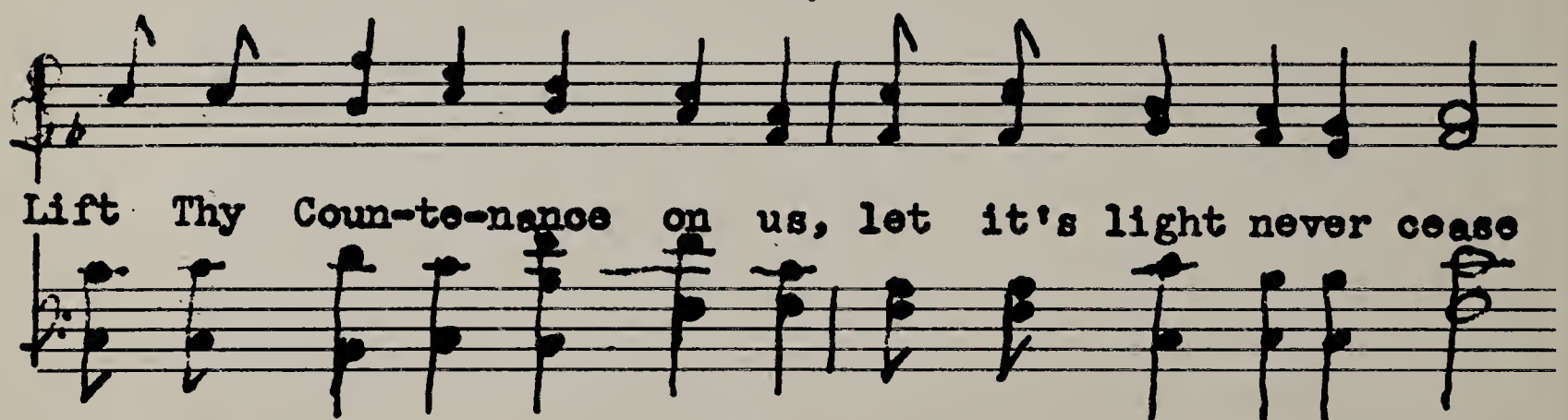
Lord bless us Thy children and keep us for aye,

The first line of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.



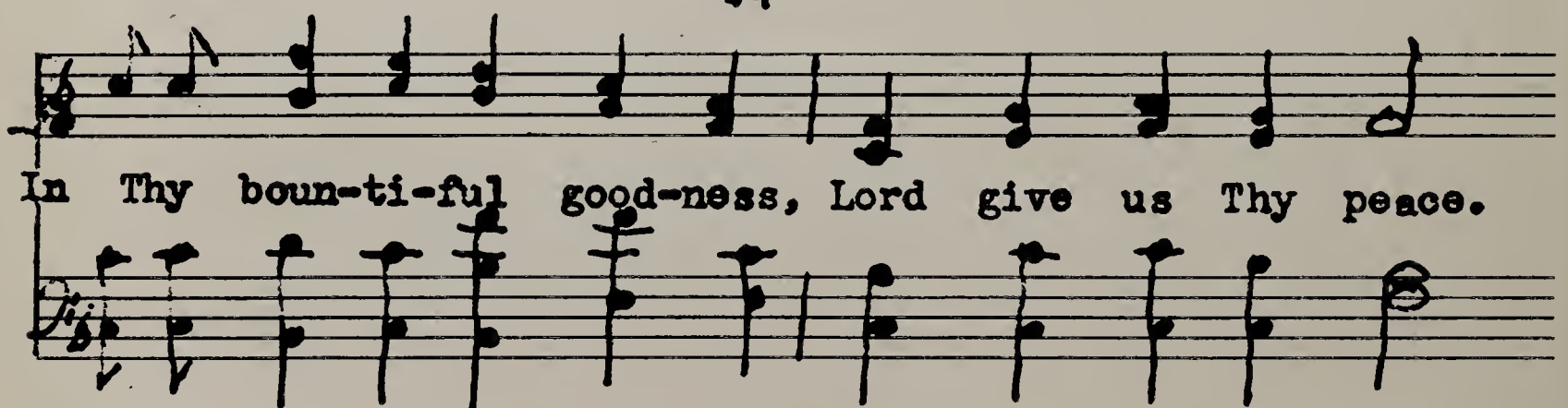
Make Thy face shine up-on us, be gra-cious al-way

The second line of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.



Lift Thy Coun-te-nance on us, let it's light never cease

The third line of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.



In Thy boun-ti-ful good-ness, Lord give us Thy peace.

The fourth line of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

PART 2

GENEALOGY

Since little or nothing is known of our ancestors in Germany and Switzerland, this genealogy will start with August Gorder, 1813-1878 and his wife, Louisa nee Krueger, 1815-1872; and Jacob Christen, 1828-1889 and his wife, Elizabeth nee Hofer, 1832-1908 as the first generation (G₁).

All of the descendants of the above Gorder (G₁) will be named to at least the third generation. Since this is to be primarily the genealogy of August Gorder the second (G₂) the names in this family will be entered to later generations. However, blank space is provided in the book for others to carry on from where the writer left off.

August Gorder and his wife Louisa with their five children, Frederick, Henrietta, August, William and Wilhelmina came to America from Lippe Detmold, Germany in 1853 and settled on a farm in the Town of Waterloo, Wisconsin one mile south of the Plank Road, now highway 19, and three miles east of the Village of Waterloo. In 1856 another child, Sophia was born. This was the original Gorder family.

Frederick Gorder (G₂) 1838-1891 married Charlotte Wehrbein 1845-1910. They had six children who grew to adulthood, Emma, Fred, Anna, Louisa, August and John. They moved to Plattsmouth, Nebraska during their early years of married life. There are many descendants scattered over Nebraska and other states.

FREDERICK GORDER FAMILY

FREDERICK GORDER FAMILY

KURTZ FAMILY

Henrietta Gorder (G₂) 1841-1893 married Tobias Kurtz_____. They lived on a farm in the Town of Waterloo about three miles south-east of the Village. They had five children who grew to adulthood, Mary, Minnie, Emil, Charles and Meta. Several children died in childhood.

Mary Kurtz (G₃) 1860-1940 married Ferdinand Jordan_____. He was in the lumber and fuel business for many years in the Village of Waterloo. Two children, Walter and Norma grew to adulthood. Several died in childhood.

Walter Jordan (G₄)_____is continuing in the fuel business which was started by his father many years ago. He married_____.

Norma Jordan (G₄)_____married Sidney Brown_____.

KURTZ FAMILY

Minnie Kurtz (G3) 1870-1928 married Fred Kohlhoff_____.
They lived on a farm east of Watertown. They had_____children.

KURTZ FAMILY

KURTZ FAMILY

Emil Kurtz (G₃) 1874-_____ married Emma Blumenberg_____
_____. They live on a farm in the Town of Waterloo about five miles
southeast of the Village. While Emil retired from active farming a num-
ber of years ago, he keeps himself busy as a member of the Jefferson
County Board, which office he has held for many years.

They have seven children, Clarence, Edna, William, Harry, Roy, Flor-
ence and Lester.

Clarence Kurtz (G₄)_____married Elsie Truhn_____.
They have seven children.

KURTZ FAMILY

Edna Kurtz (G₄)_____married Louis Draeger_____
_____. They have one child.

William Kurtz (G₄)_____married Doras Admer_____
_____. No children.

KURTZ FAMILY

Harry Kurtz (G₄)_____married Clara Henrich_____
_____. They have two children.

Roy Kurtz (G₄)_____married Ruby Kilian_____.
They have four children.

KURTZ FAMILY

Florence Kurtz (G₄)_____married Harold Strasburg_____
_____. They have six children.

Lester Kurtz (G₄)_____married Marian Kilian_____
_____.

KURTZ FAMILY

Charles Kurtz (G₃) 1875-_____married Helen Schultz_____
_____. He continued farming on the Kurtz homestead until his retirement several years ago when they moved into a house across the street from St. John's Lutheran Church, Waterloo. They have two daughters, Sarah and Dora.

Sarah Kurtz (G₄)_____married Henry Schroeder_____
_____.

Dora Kurtz (G₄)_____married Walter Woelffer_____
_____.

Meta Kurtz (G₃) 1876-1931 married David Klug_____. They lived on a farm near Garfield, Minnesota. They had six children, one of whom, Leonard Klug, became a Lutheran pastor and now serves a congregation in Little Falls, Minnesota.

KURTZ FAMILY

WILLIAM GORDER FAMILY

William Gorder (G2) 1848-1933, shoe store and fuel dealer in Watertown, Wisconsin, married Emilie Kronitz, 1848-1908. They had three children, Ida, Henry, and William.

Ida Gorder (G₃) 1873-1950 married Dr. _____ Hartwig_____. They had one son, _____ (G₄) who is now City Attorney of Watertown, Wisconsin.

Henry Gorder (G3) 1875-1942 married_____.
They had one daughter who died in childhood.

William Gorder (G₃) 1882-1940 married_____.
They had two sons_____who are continu-
ing in the fuel business of their father and grandfather.

KRONITZ FAMILY

Wilhelmina Gorder (G2) 1852-1920 married Fred Kronitz 1846-1915. They operated a hotel, Washington House, Watertown, Wisconsin. They had three children, Louis, Ida and Henry.

Louis Kronitz (G3) 1873-1941 married_____.
They had two daughters_____.

Ida Kronitz (G3) 1874-1923 married Otto Nowack 1867-1911. He was in the undertaking business, Watertown. They had three children_____

Henry Kronitz (G3) 1878-_____married_____.
They continued in the hotel business of his parents. They had one daughter_____.

KNETTIG FAMILY

Sophia Gorder (G2) 1856-1917 married Edward Knettig 1855-1932. They lived on a farm one-half mile northwest of the original Gorder homestead until they moved to the Village of Waterloo about 1900. They had six children, all girls, Mary, Laura, Emma, Sophia, Anna, and Lydia.

Mary Knettig (G3) 1877-_____married Albert Beyer_____1950, farmer in the vicinity of Waterloo. They had five children_____
_____(eleven (G5)
and two (G6))

KNETTIG FAMILY

Laura Knettig (G₃) 1880-_____married Herman Dallman 1880-
1950 hardware dealer, Clinton, Wisconsin. They have one son _____
_____not married.

KNETTIG FAMILY

Emma Knettig (G₃) 1882-_____married Otto Hahn_____
farmer, Clinton, Wisconsin. They had four children_____
_____(and six
(G₅))

KNETTIG FAMILY

Sophie Knettig (G₃) 1884-_____married William Geske_____
_____nursery stock salesman, Waterloo, Wisconsin. They have one son,
Dr. William Geske_____St. Louis, Missouri, married_____
_____. They have_____children.

Anna Knettig (G₃) 1886-_____married Carl Hahn_____
farmer, Beloit, Wisconsin. No children.

Lydia Knettig (G₃) 1889-_____married William Dumke_____
_____, and after his death married Max Braun_____. No
children.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

THE CHRISTEN FAMILY

Jacob Christen (G₁) 1828-1889 with his wife Elizabeth, nee Hofer 1832-1908 and Maria their oldest daughter came to this country from Canton Bern, Switzerland in 1855. They settled on a farm in the Town of Waterloo about four and a half miles southeast of the Village of Waterloo. Six children were born to them in this country. They were: Elizabeth, Mrs. Robert Alexander, Lake Mills, Wisconsin; Godfried, Lake Mills; Albert, Waterloo; Emma, Mrs. Gust Fox, Waterloo; Wilhelmina, Mrs. William Rohde, Watertown, and Ida, Mrs. Charles Mentz, Waterloo.

The oldest of this family, Maria, married August Gorder (G₂) and became the mother of the large Gorder family which was raised on the farm, one mile northeast of the Village of Waterloo, now occupied by Edwin, the youngest son of the family, and his son (Billy).

At the time of this writing, 1950, all of the second generation of the Gorder and Christen families have passed on.

August Gorder (G₂) 1844-1901 and Maria Christen (G₂) 1852-1939 were married November 25, 1869. They immediately moved onto the Bradley farm situated one mile northeast of the center of the Village of Waterloo. They both spent the remainder of their lives on this farmstead.

Eleven children were born to them: Emma, Louisa, Mary, Ida, Albert, Bertha, August, Henry, Edwin, Leonard, and Lena.

Emma Gorder (G₃) Jan. 8, 1871-_____married Max Buelow_____
_____malt-house foreman at Jefferson Jct., Wisconsin, and later feed dealer and feed mill operator at Jefferson, Wisconsin. They had four children, Alma, Edgar, Louis, and Victor.

Alma Buelow (G₄) October 9, 1893-_____married Lovel Ives_____
_____buttermaker, Town of York, and later hardware dealer and plumbing and sheet metal work, Jefferson, Wisconsin. They have one daughter, Fanny (G₅) February 12, 1921-_____not married.

Edgar Buelow (G₄) April 27, 1896-_____depot agent and telegrapher, Watertown, Wisconsin. Married Louise Beilke_____
They have five children,_____
_____(and four (G₆)).

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Louis Buelow (G₄) March 12, 1901-_____married Elsa Gruenert
_____. They have one daughter,_____.

Victor Buelow (G₄) February 2, 1909-_____married Florence
Meske_____. They have two sons,_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Louisa Gorder (G₃) April 27, 1872-1932, married Emil Kaercher_____
_____ harness maker, Watertown, Wisconsin. They had six children,
Hattie, Walter, Erhardt, Selma, Hilbert, and Raymond.

Hattie Kaercher (G₄) April 21, 1894-_____married Oscar Krueger
_____Watertown, Wisconsin. No children.

Walter Kaercher (G₄) August 10, 1895-_____married Hilda Krueger
_____Watertown, Wisconsin. No children.

Erhardt Kaercher (G₄) March 4, 1897-_____married Esther Creus
_____Watertown, Wisconsin. They have three children_____
_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Selma Kaercher (G₄) April 18, 1901-_____married John Nilles_____
_____Chicago, Illinois. They have four children,_____
_____.

Hilbert Kaercher (G₄) May 20, 1904-_____Milwaukee, Wis. Not
married.

Raymond Kaercher (G₄) April 19, 1906-_____married Cora Maas
_____Watertown, Wisconsin. They have three children_____
_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Mary Gorder (G₃) October 3, 1875-_____married Emil Fox_____
_____Fox and Zimbrick Meat Market, Waterloo, Wisconsin. They had
three children, Raymond, Philip, and Lillian.

Raymond Fox (G₄) June 3, 1897-_____Manager of Waterloo Can-
ning Co., married Erna Quade_____. No children.

Philip Fox (G₄) August 19, 1899-_____Professor, University of Wis-
consin, Madison, Wisconsin, married Ruth Mueller_____. They
have three children,_____
_____.

Lillian Fox (G₄) November 17, 1901-_____married John Hotmar
_____hardware dealer, Princeton, Wisconsin. They have three
daughters,_____(one (G₆)).

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Ida Gorder (G₃) October 19, 1877-February 13, 1899, married Joseph Clark, farmer and stock buyer, Portland, Wisconsin. No children.

Albert Gorder (G₃) February 11, 1879-March 10, 1945, Blacksmith, Farmer and Oil Merchant, Waterloo, Wisconsin. Married Johanna Barfknecht, April 18, 1885-_____. They had three children, Silvia, Ella, and Zenno.

Silvia Gorder (G₄) December 27, 1905-_____married Arthur Virchow_____, Electrician, Waterloo, Wisconsin. They have three children,_____.

Ella Gorder (G₄) April 14, 1908-_____married Fred Henning_____
_____Industrial Machine Designer, Janesville, Wisconsin. They have three children,_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Zenno Gorder (G4) July 16, 1911-_____City Engineer, Monroe, Wisconsin. Married Hazel Hansen_____. They have three children,

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Bertha Gorder (G₃) September 30, 1880-March 20, 1947, married C. Joseph Clark_____Farmer and Stock Buyer, Portland, Wisconsin. They had three children, Dorothy, Martha, and James.

Dorothy Clark (G₄) February 10, 1901-_____married Wesley Cleveland_____Dentist, Waterloo, Wisconsin. They have one child, Wesley, Jr._____.

Martha Clark (G₄) June 15, 1902-_____married Albert Splittgerber_____Agricultural Teacher, Plymouth, Wisconsin. They have three children_____.

James Clark (G₄) January 28, 1905-_____Teacher, Waterloo High School, Waterloo, Wisconsin, married Evelyn Kading_____. No children.

Several years after the death of Joseph Clark, Bertha married Henry Kunz_____, Waterloo Merchant. No children.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

August Gorder (G₃) October 21, 1882-_____Engineer at Waterloo Malt House, later superintendent at Malt House in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and still later Insurance Salesman, Minneapolis. Married Sarah Pankow, June 15, 1884-_____. They had one child, Sarah.

Sarah Gorder (G₄) August 10, 1913-_____married Gilbert Bucka, July 12, 1914-_____Railway Mail Service, St. Paul, Minnesota; Residence Minneapolis, Minnesota. They have two children, Maria Ann and John Roger.

Maria Ann Bucka (G₅) February 14, 1945-_____.

John Roger Bucka (G₅) October 1, 1949-_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Henry Gorder (G₃) January 29, 1886-April____, 1929. Farmer, Waterloo, Wisconsin. Married Elsa Baker_____. They had five children, Vivian, Cecile, Harold, Donna, and Wesley.

Vivian Gorder (G₄) December 22, 1911-_____married Frederick Kypke_____. One child died in infancy.

Cecile Gorder (G₄) March 29, 1914-_____married William Christopher_____.

Harold Gorder (G₄) December 3, 1918-_____married Evelyn Heiking_____. They have three children_____
_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Donna Gorder (G₄) June 19, 1922-_____married Laverne Wilke_____
_____. They have one child_____.

Wesley Gorder (G₄) February 13, 1927-_____married Betty Hig-
gins_____. They have one child_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Edwin Gorder (G3) October 19, 1887-_____Farmer, Waterloo, Wisconsin. Married Lena Splittgerber_____. They had four children, Alice, Grace, Lois, and William.

Alice Gorder (G4) November 16, 1916-_____married Herbert Lukes
_____. Oscar Mayer Packing Plant, Madison, Wisconsin. They
have two children_____.

Grace Gorder (G4) February 11, 1919-_____married Ervin Holtz-
hueter_____, Farm Manager, West Bend, Wisconsin. They
have five children_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Lois Gorder (G4) March 9, 1925-_____married Leroy Graff_____
_____Dairy, West Bend, Wisconsin.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

William Gorder (G4) June 27, 1928-_____. Working with his father on the Gorder homestead. Married Elaine Brandt_____. They have two children_____.

AUGUST GORDER FAMILY

Leonard Gorder (G₃) July 21, 1890-December 6, 1890.

Lena Gorder (G₃) November 4, 1892-_____married Bruno Gottschalk_____, Farmer, Town of Portland one mile north of the center of the Village of Waterloo, Wisconsin. They have one daughter, Helen.

Helen Gottschalk (G₄) October 3, 1916-_____married Leroy Schwenn_____Engineer, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

Memoirs by August Gorder the Third

My earliest recollections take me back to when I was perhaps four or five years old; when I was still wearing dresses and dreaded the time when I would have to become a boy and wear pants; when father boasted to my uncles about my knowledge of the traction engine; how he proved to them that I knew just what to do with the levers to make it go forward or backward. I remember how I cried when mother made me wear my first pair of pants. I ran across the street and hid behind the boiler in the cheese factory to hide my shame. I got the pants so dirty in this maneuver that my beloved dress was restored to me on my return home. I must have subsequently gotten used to wearing pants because it is now a long time since I wore dresses.

This is supposed to be the story of the family of August Gorder the Second. But, since I am not psychic and I remember more about myself than I do about the rest of the family, the story will probably develop more around August Gorder the Third. I hope the other members of the family will pardon me for this. After all, I can only record what I know and what I remember of what I have been told.

As shown in the genealogy, the Gorder family of August the First came to this country in 1853 when my father, August the Second was eight years old. They settled on the farm east of town which was later known as the Keckbein place. At this writing, 1950, the buildings are vacant and quite dilapidated.

Of the early life in this family I know very little. I can only record a few incidents which I remember from what father told us as children.

When father had pneumonia, in his early teens, he was put to bed with a bottle of water along side of him. From this bottle he was allowed to take a very small sip at infrequent intervals. He suffered agonies of thirst but the rule was strictly enforced. The windows were kept tightly closed so no draft of fresh air could reach him. In spite of all this he survived. How differently this and other diseases are treated today.

Father often told us of how, during harvest time, the whole village would close up shop, keeping the stores open perhaps two nights a week, and all able bodied men from town would help the farmers with the harvest work. They sometimes worked in the fields until eleven or twelve o'clock on moonlit nights.

When father was fourteen or fifteen years old the railroad was built. This runs only about a quarter of a mile south of the farm buildings. Father got the job of carrying water to the crew while they were working in the vicinity of the farm. Quite often, in the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, some member of the crew would give him a quarter to get a pail of whiskey instead of water. He would fill the pail from the barrel which his father always had in the cellar. At that time there was no tax or revenue on whiskey at all and when the price of whiskey went up from twelve to fifteen cents per gallon his father was very much provoked. This

price was actually per gallon, not per quart or per drink. Grocery and dry-goods stores had a whiskey keg standing on the counter at all times with a glass beside it so anyone wanting a drink could help himself free of charge. Saloons or taverns as we know them today did not exist then. There were taverns, but they were eating places where drinks were also served.

Father was quite adept at playing the accordion and used to play for dances in the neighborhood. That is no doubt where he met mother. Because he was busy playing for the dance he seldom, if ever, got a chance to dance with the girls. His brother William, four years younger than father, became acquainted with mother first. It seems she thought he was a pretty nice boy too. But he was only twenty and father, being twenty-four, easily became the favorite of a girl who had reached the ripe, marriageable age of sixteen. They were to have been married on mother's seventeenth birthday, but because there was a terrible blizzard on the eighteenth of November, 1869, making the roads impassable, the wedding was postponed one week and they were married on the twenty-fifth of November.

I faintly remember mother's father. He suffered much from rheumatism and always walked with a cane. In my earliest recollections mother's brothers and sisters were all married except Ida, who later became Mrs. Charles Menz. As long as I remember Grandma Christen was hard of hearing. That is why, I believe, all her children except mother were quite loud talkers.

Mother often told us of the trips she used to make on foot to Waterloo, four and a half miles away, with a big basket of eggs; returning with the basket filled with provisions. In those days the barter system was very much in use. Money was as scarce as hens' teeth. Even in my own childhood the practice of trading eggs for household necessities was very much in vogue.

I don't remember ever hearing father say anything about going to school in this country. He did tell us of going to school in Germany. Even in his day they had some English in the schools of Germany.

Mother stayed one winter at a pastor's home in Watertown where she received her religious instructions and was confirmed in the Evangelical Church. Most of her secular education was received at the Catholic school which was held in connection with the Catholic Church on the Island. She often spoke very highly of Sister Veronica, who, because of previous agreement, taught her only the secular subjects.

Since our family was a large one, sister Emma's childhood must have ended at an early age. She had to assume the role of mother's assistant at a very tender age. She was put in charge of the gang whenever mother had to help in the barn or field, which was very much of the time indeed. I remember we kids dubbed her, (hau-yacks), which translated means, "jacket hitter." She must have had some time keeping us in leash.

Since there were three girls in the family following Emma, before any

boys came along, the folks, no doubt, thought they could spare her early. She went to work for our aunt Kronitz in Watertown while quite young. The Kronitz's were running a boarding house and saloon. Emma worked for Aunt Minnie in the boarding house.

There was a young man by name of Max Buelow boarding at Kronitz's at the time. Emma knew him, of course, but was not particularly interested in him until after an episode which happened one Hallowe'en evening. Henry Kronitz, a young lad at the time, was watering horses out in the barn. Max, thinking to give him a good scare, took a bed sheet from his bed and, shrouded in this, went out into the yard. Henry was coming out of the barn door at the same time that Max was preparing to enter. Whether it scared Henry or not is immaterial here. The fact is, when Henry saw the apparition, he swung the wooden bucket he was carrying and hit Max squarely in the face. This put Max to bed for several days during which time Emma had to look after him. This, no doubt, started the romance which later culminated in marriage.

When Emma was twenty and Louisa nineteen they started a dress-making establishment in Watertown right next to the Kronitz boarding-house. Piper's harness shop was also next door. Emil Kaercher was working in the harness shop, and what could be more natural than for him to look the girls over. He did and decided that Louisa was a pretty nice girl.

After running the shop for two years the girls decided, no doubt with some help from Max and Emil, to quit the business and get married. Emma and Max were married on Jan. 8, 1893, her twenty-second birthday, the last couple to be married in the old church at Waterloo. Louisa and Emil were married June 18 the same year, the first couple to be married in the new church. At Louisa's wedding the barn on the home farm was sufficiently finished so the wedding dance could be held in it. Max and Emma moved to Jefferson Junction where Max had obtained the job of foreman in the malt-house. Emil and Louisa moved into a house on second street, Watertown. Emil continued to work at Piper's harness shop. In fact he continued to work there all the rest of his working life.

It must have been about 1890 when father bought our first road cart. Up to that time the only road vehicle we had with springs was the milk wagon, or democrat wagon, as some called it. This could be converted into a two seater by simply setting a second seat on the back where the milk cans ordinarily rode. Before this was acquired the lumber-wagon had to serve as family conveyance for Sunday visiting or going to town. This had no springs under the body, but the one seat was set on springs. The seat served father and mother and the baby. For the rest of the family, hay or straw was thrown in the box and they all piled in. With the kind of roads we had in those days it was rather rough riding, even when the horses walked. However, in the winter, when the box rode on a bobsleigh, with hay or straw and plenty of blankets, we had as cozy and smooth a ride as our progeny have in the latest automobiles. The road cart served father for conveyance to town and back as long as he lived,

but he bought a top buggy in the late 90s which was used for trips to Watertown and Madison and for courting purposes after the boys were old enough to take out the girls. We never had a surrey or phaeton. These were two seated affairs with tops on them.

Father was very much interested in machinery. He was considered quite an expert on steam engines, threshing machines and other farm implements. He was often called out to help some farmer whose machine didn't work right. Our farm yard was always cluttered up with old threshing machines and farm implements for us boys to work on in our spare time. While father did not let us go to school beyond the eighth grade, he was anxious for us to acquire as much mechanical knowledge as possible, and to that end he subscribed to several farm and mechanical magazines.

So long as I remember, father always operated a threshing outfit and mother and the children operated the sorghum mill. In the early years the threshing season lasted from the time the grain was stacked, in early August, until late in November. The sorghum making season started about the tenth of September and was usually finished in five or six weeks. One year, when there was an especially large crop of sorghum, we finished on mother's birthday, November 18. We were very much afraid that year that we would never be able to finish before freeze-up. But the weather held good until we were through.

The sorghum making time was the high spot of the year for us children. We did the pressing and mother did the cooking. When we had good juicy sorghum, we called it "sugar-cane," we could press out the juice much faster than mother could cook it, so there was plenty of time for us to do the farm chores and have a good time besides. Mother would start cooking about six o'clock in the morning and finish about eleven at night. We usually did the chores in the morning before starting to press at about eight. We usually had to do some pressing after supper but were generally through by eight o'clock.

What made this season especially interesting was the parties of young people that came to visit us evenings from Portland and Waterloo. We would play hide and seek among the "sugar-cane" piles and "lick molasses." This was done with a wooden spoon shaped like a spade and made out of a shingle. There were always enough scrapings left in the pan after mother had emptied it to supply all who wished to lick. Then too, it was a lot of fun for the boys to take the girls home from these parties. During this season the girls of the family got a good training in house-keeping since they were usually left in full charge of the house.

After the sorghum and threshing season we had to hustle to get the corn crop in before winter weather set in. We always had some of our corn husked on shares by some Portland or Waterloo people. They would get one-eighth of the corn for their share. We also had the corn cut by these people. For this we paid in cash, usually two cents per eight by

eight shock or about one dollar per acre. After we acquired a corn binder we did the cutting ourselves but continued to have some husking done.

When our parents got married they bought and moved onto the Bradley farm. This was situated on the east side of the Portland road, now highway 19. There were only about thirty acres of tillable land on this farm. The rest of the farm, about ninety acres, was marsh. A few years later father bought fifty acres on the west side of the road from a Mr. Bond. This was nearly all tillable and had no buildings. Adding this land to the Bradley farm made the farm large enough to keep the family quite busy and to feed the stock which was housed in the large barn built in 1893.

There was very little wood on the farm so father bought a number of parcels of woodland in the Town of Deerfield eight miles away. We needed a lot of wood each year to supply the house and sorghum mill. This kept us quite busy during the winter months. Whenever the sleighing was good we hauled wood from these lots. When the wood was already cut we could make two trips in a day. When we had to cut our load we made only one trip.

As mentioned before, father used to operate a threshing outfit. In my earliest recollections he was in partnership with Felix Setz in this activity. Father owned the engine and a half interest in the threshing machine. Mr. Setz owned the other half interest in the machine. The threshing season gradually shortened as more outfits came into the field. Competition also became keener. Because of the depression of 1893, we called it panic then, there was no money to be made anywhere including the threshing business. 1895 was the last year of the partnership between Setz and father. Father bought Setz's interest in the machine, and for the 1896 season he bought a completely new outfit. The cost of this outfit consisting of engine, threshing machine, and four wheeled stacker was fifteen hundred dollars. He traded the old threshing machine for two steel wheel machine trucks from which two farm wagons were made. He kept the old engine for the lighter work such as clover hulling and sawing wood.

Brother Albert went with the new machine the first year. I went along about the third year when the wind stacker was added to the machine. It was my job to tend the wind stacker. I became the engineer after father's death in 1901.

The first death of which I remember anything was Grandfather Christen's. The death itself had little effect on me directly, but because of mother's grief it affected me very much, as no doubt it did the rest of the children. Children really suffer when their parents are grief stricken or unhappy.

The second was when my baby brother Leonard died. I remember telling the hired man, Ferdinand Kuehn, that I thought it was all the doctor's fault. He explained to me that the doctor was not to blame; that it was

God's business; that if He wanted my little brother in heaven the doctor could do nothing about it.

Then came the tragedy of Albert Kuehn's death. Kuehns were our next door neighbors to the south. They had two sons about the same age as Albert and I. Albert Kuehn was the oldest, then came brother Albert, then Willie Kuehn and then I. Albert Kuehn was twelve years old and I was nine. We four played together a great deal. None of us could swim, but we went swimming a great deal in the shallows of the creek directly west of the Kuehn home. There was a drop-off directly north of the shallows where we swam, but since we knew this we kept away from it. The water where we swam was about two feet deep; deep enough for kids of our age to swim if we knew how. Albert Kuehn had just gotten the hang of it a little bit, and was showing us how, when, no doubt without knowing it, he swam out over the deep place. There he tried to stand up. Finding no bottom under him he became frightened and went under. We never saw him alive again. We waited a few minutes for him to appear and then put on our clothes. Willie grabbed his brother's clothes and ran home crying. Brother and I also ran home and hid in the barn for fear.

When our folks saw the people from Kuehn's place running across our field towards the river, they began to look and call for us. When we told them what had happened they at once spread the alarm to Portland. Several young men from there searched the creek and James Archie found the body about ten rods from where Albert had gone under. We did not go swimming for several years after that.

So far as I know father never did any letter writing. Sister Mary was his secretary until her marriage. He told her in his own way what to say and she put it into readable language and wrote his letters. I never knew him to use a pencil to do any figuring either. But he was a wizard in mental arithmetic. When he sold a load of produce or hogs he usually had the answer before the man at the scales could figure it on paper.

Father also had a wonderful memory for land descriptions. He knew the legal description of every piece of property he owned. All told there must have been at least a dozen of them. He was so sure of himself on this that he recited them all to the attorney, without recourse to the deeds or abstracts, when he transferred the property to mother shortly before his death. Later one error was found in one of the descriptions. This was probably an error of the attorney rather than of father's memory.

Our parents were diligent members of the Lutheran Church, and saw to it that the children were baptized and confirmed in that faith. Up to 1893, when the trouble with pastor Bock began to brew, father was quite active in the affairs of the church. However, after pastor Bock was removed from the ministry and brought suit against father and Mr. Vick for damages which he claimed he had sustained because of alleged defamatory remarks made by them, and, because Synod officials refused to appear as witnesses in the case, father became quite embittered against the church. After many postponements of the case it was finally dismissed and father's

bitterness slowly disappeared, but he never regained the enthusiasm of former years. I was confirmed a year earlier than would normally have been the case because mother was afraid father might become so embittered that he would refuse, a year later, to let me go to the parochial school. Henry and Edwin were sent to the Methodist Sunday School for a short time. This continued only for a short time though. They were also sent to the Lutheran school and were confirmed.

It was in the fall of 1894 that pastor Bock was dismissed from the ministry and Rev. M. H. Pankow of Newville was called to take his place. Father helped move them from Newville to Waterloo. Since it was impossible to get things settled enough for them to sleep in the parsonage that first night the family had to be lodged elsewhere. Father brought home the four oldest children, Oscar, Arnold, Sarah and Adolph. I remember that night very vividly. Oscar and Adolph bickered and teased each other quite a bit, and Sarah, then ten years old, kept telling them to behave. I thought "what a nice girl Sarah is." I never changed my mind about her.

Father loved music. After their marriage he continued to play his accordion whenever occasion demanded music for dancing at parties. He also played for his own enjoyment and for the entertainment of friends and us children. He early bought an organ for the home so the girls could learn to play. Sister Mary learned to play quite well and was the organist in church for several years. I think every one of our family sang in the church choir during their teens, some of us far beyond that. Each of the girls received, among other things, an organ for a wedding present, so that she could have music in her own home. These organs, including the one in our old home, were all purchased from the same company, the Cornish Co. The action in all of them was the best the company had. The only difference was in the case. The one at home had no mirror. The others all had mirrors.

Louisa's husband was a very good player by ear. He never learned notes but the way he could bring harmony out of the organ was something wonderful. We children used to enjoy Emil's visits during the brief period when Louisa was home before their marriage. He used to play and sing quite a lot for our entertainment. If he heard a tune he liked he would sit down at the organ and play it with his own ideas of chords and improvisations.

When I was perhaps nine or ten years old father bought me and brother Albert an Indian pony, a bronco, which was to be our very own. Our hired man at the time was Frank Fiebiger. He was going to break it for horse-back riding. He was quite tall and could nearly reach the ground with his feet when he was astraddle of it. One time when he was riding her in the field, she was galloping along nicely, when all of a sudden, without any warning, she stiff leggedly planted her front feet into the ground and he sailed over her head. Brother and I got a big thrill out of

this. On Sunday afternoons in the summer time we would hitch her to the road cart and Albert, Willie Kuehn and I would ride all around the countryside with her. We always had quite a time getting her started. She would probably start out all right, go a short distance and then, without warning, switch ends and start for home. We usually had considerable trouble getting her about face again, but after two or three attempts to go home she would settle down to go where we wanted her to. Albert finally got so he could ride her horse-back. I don't think I even tried to ride her. She never became thoroughly dependable. She was always tricky as long as we had her.

Father was inclined to think he was quite adept at breaking horses of bad habits, such as kicking and balking. One brown mare which he bought cheap, was, besides being a kicker and balker, also a cribber. She would bite hard on the edge of the crib and suck air into her stomach until she looked like a blown up balloon. To get her started in the morning we would tie her head to her tail, make her chase her tail for a few minutes until she was dizzy and then hitch her up quickly. Father traded her for a grey mare with the same faults except that she was not a cribber. She certainly could kick. One cold morning she broke two eveners pins. We finally used an old wrought iron pin which was too tough for her. We got quite a bit of work out of both of these mares after going through the morning exercises of getting them started, but neither of them was ever broken of any bad habits.

As soon as the Kaercher children were old enough to go to school they used to come to our place to spend their vacation. It must have been extra work for mother and sister Lena to have them to care for, but I am sure we all enjoyed having them around. They were well trained and well behaved kids. Hattie and Walter, being the oldest, came first. Later Erhardt and Selma came too as they became old enough. I do not think that Hilbert and Raymond got out to the farm as much as the other four. I am sure they enjoyed their vacations out on the farm as much as we enjoyed having them. It must have been a treat for them to have a whole farm on which to run around instead of only a city lot. Sister Lena was only a little over a year older than Hattie so they must have had quite a bit in common, and I suppose there were times when it was rather hard for mother to get any work out of these two when they wanted to play. What I remember best about them is that Hattie liked to comb hair. And how I enjoyed that. She would fuss around with my hair for an hour, of an evening; combing, tying ribbons in them, taking them off and re-doing them in different ways, all because she enjoyed doing it, and with the hope of entertaining the rest of the family. I haven't as much hair now as I had then. I can still see Walter standing on the front standard of the hay rack when he drove the horses for us while we loaded hay or grain in the field.

I wonder if they still remember the songs they used to sing. "Frueh morgens wenn die Sonn auf geht, Der Hahn shon unterm fenster steht,"

and "Out on an Indian reservation, far away from civilization." Walter must have liked it particularly well on the farm because he worked for brother Henry for some time after he grew up.

The other grandchildren, the Buelows, the Foxes and the Clarks, came only for short visits. The Foxes and the Clarks, being near by, came often. When Dorothy was about two years old she made the trip to grandma's place all alone once without her mother knowing where she was. When Joe and Bertha came over in their "Jackson side spring" road wagon, all three of the children, Dorothy, Martha and James hung on somewhere. They usually crawled into the space behind the seat. Their parents seemed to pay little attention as to whether they got along or not, but they always managed to scramble on somehow.

Harvest time has changed a lot since my boyhood days. Now, when the grain is ripe, a farmer takes his tractor, hooks it onto the combine, and cuts and threshes the grain all in one operation.

When I was a boy we cut the grain with a binder. Then we set the bundles up in shocks. A week or so later, if the weather was good, we would haul it in and stack it. All through the fall threshing would be going on. A machine would start at one end of a ring, threshing the grain of one farmer after another until the threshing of that ring was completed. All the farmers of that ring would exchange help with each other to make a large enough crew to keep the machine busy. It took from sixteen to twenty men to make a full crew. When a machine was through with one ring it would start on another.

The threshing outfit consisted of a steam engine, a threshing machine and a water wagon. The water wagon was used to keep the steam engine supplied with water.

In my father's boyhood they cut the grain by hand. This was done with a cradle. A cradle was a sort of scythe with a fork attachment. With this the cradler would cut and leave the grain in a windrow with the heads all pointing one way. This was then raked up and tied into bundles with straw bands made on the spot from the grain itself. A little later the reaper was invented. This was pulled by horses and deposited the grain in bundle sized piles on the ground. This saved a lot of labor but the bundles still had to be tied by hand with straw bands. No wonder the towns people had to help the farmers harvest their crops.

Before the steam engine came into use as a power unit for threshing, the power for the machine was furnished by horses. A horsepower was a machine which had four sweeps reaching out from a central machine, to which eight horses, two to each sweep were hitched. These horses went round and round from morning till night. They were kept going by a boy with a whip, sitting on the center of the machine.

After the invention of the self-binder and the general use of the steam engine the farmers got along fairly well without the help of the townspeople.

Besides raising such a large family, mother did a great deal of the out of

doors work on the farm. Except for the little help she got from the children, she did practically all the work in the large vegetable garden. In harvest time she always helped father pitch bundles onto the wagons when we were hauling in grain with two wagons.

When we were haying in the marsh, which was about three-fourths of a mile from the house, we did not go home to dinner. Mother would stay at home in the forenoon to prepare the dinner, and at about eleven-thirty she would come to the marsh with a basket of food on one arm and a pot of soup or a pail of lemonade on the other. We ate our dinner under a hay rack covered with hay alongside the spring. After dinner she always stayed through the afternoon and worked. In the early years she always did all the stacking.

After sorghum making was done she always helped with the corn husking besides getting in the garden truck and storing it for winter.

After winter set in, when she wasn't getting meals, she would be knitting stockings or mittens. She certainly could make some pretty mittens. They were usually of two colors, red and green, or red and black, all in fancy blocks and patterns.

Mother was always busy. About the only time she was ever idle with her hands was when she went to church and on Sunday afternoons when she would sit on a chair beside father who was lying on the couch and read stories to him. But even on Sunday afternoons there was company at our house so often that even these rests were quite irregular. Every one who came to visit us on Sunday afternoon usually stayed to supper.

Mother was usually the last one to bed at night because she was never quite through with her work when the rest of us were ready to go to bed. I believe mother was busier and had less leisure time than any woman I have ever known. She lived to the ripe old age of eighty-six. I hope none of her descendants ever get the idea that work is not good for them.

The cheese and butter factories were probably the first successful co-operative enterprises in the country. Such a factory was started on our farm, on the west side of the road across from the house. I think it was built before I was born. It was there as far as my memory goes back.

The company was organized by all the farmers in the vicinity who had cows and wanted to sell their milk for butter or cheese making purposes. Each farmer bought one share at five dollars per share for each cow he possessed. In case he quit farming he had to sell his shares to the one who took over his farm or to some other farmer who had increased his herd. In this way control was kept in the hands of the producers at all times.

In the early years the factory made only cheese and was run only during the summer months. It was not run in the winter because very few of the farmers had warm barns and did not try to produce milk during the cold weather. After more of the farmers had built basement barns so the cows could be decently housed they began to run the factory the year round because the farmers could then have their cows freshen at any time and produce milk all through the year.

I well remember how I enjoyed going over to the cheese factory to see the cheese maker, Mr. Rennels, because I was often treated to a piece of cheese.

We used to get the butter grease which accumulated at the top of the whey vats and use it for machine oil. The whey was not run through separators in those days as it is now and considerable amounts of butter fat would go along with the whey and stick to the sides of the whey vats. This fat or grease we would scrape off, take it home and clarify it by cooking, and then use it for oil and grease on the farm machinery and threshing machine. Those machines certainly got some high class grease.

Just why the factory was not left on our farm I do not know. There must have been some argument over rents or management which could not be amicably settled. It was moved to our neighbor's farm about one-fourth of a mile to the south. While it was on our farm they made only cheese. After the factory was moved onto the Kuehn farm, machinery was installed so they could make either butter or cheese. Thereafter they made whichever they thought would be in greatest demand and pay the farmers the highest price for their milk. During the early years we seldom got more than sixty or seventy cents per hundred pounds for milk. I do not think we ever got over a dollar a hundred while I was at home on the farm.

After the factory was moved to the Kuehn farm we sold our milk where we thought we could get the most for it. For a time we would haul it to the co-operative, then switch to hauling it to the Roach and Seeber creamery at Waterloo. It seems that the butter fat test would always go up when we switched. It would stay up for a short time and then slowly go down to where, I suppose, it really belonged.

It was about the year 1917 when the co-operative factory burned to the ground. It was never rebuilt.

In May of 1896 Emil Fox and sister Mary were married. They went to Minneapolis for a wedding trip, where they visited with the McCarthy's. Mrs. McCarthy was Emil's sister.

After their return they moved into the house directly across the river and railroad tracks from the Waterloo power plant. They lived there a few years and then moved to the house on the corner of Mill and Madison Streets. They moved again some time later to a house farther up Mill Street. Their final move was still farther up Mill Street to the Philip Fox home.

After Raymond was born Mary used to come down home quite often on an afternoon pushing Raymond ahead of her in the baby-carriage. It would take some baby-carriage to support him now.

Emil worked for a number of years at the butcher and meat market business for his brother Gustave. When Gust's health declined Emil and another employe, Jadie Zimbrick, bought him out. They continued to operate the business under the firm name of Fox & Zimbrick until Emil's death.

Ida married Joseph Clark in June of 1898. They lived in the Clark home

with Joe's parents in the Town of Portland. Ida lived only about eight months after her marriage. She died of pneumonia in February of 1899.

After Ida's death Joe soon began to show interest in sister Bertha, and they were married in the month of March 1900. They also lived in the Clark home with Joe's parents.

I was perhaps fifteen when I had pneumonia for the first time. Thereafter I had the disease several times. When father was in bed with his last illness I was also in bed with pneumonia. It seemed that I could not stand the out of door rigors of winter, and because I was very much interested in machinery I decided, with the approval of the family to learn the machinist's trade. In the fall of 1902 I went to work, as an apprentice in Albert Doering's machine shop.

The shop was built about two feet above ground and the floor was always cold. During the whole month of January I had a bad cold, and on the fifth of February I again came down with the dreaded disease. This was the severest siege of all. It soon developed into double pneumonia and neither I nor anyone else expected me to get over it. But I did survive, although it took nearly the whole following summer for me to get entirely over the effects of it.

The doctor advised me to get out of Wisconsin for the following winter. I took his advice and went to Denver in the fall. There I lived an outdoor life most of the time, working in a saw mill four weeks, driving a delivery wagon about three weeks and several other jobs which kept me out doors most of the time. I never had so much as one cold during the whole winter. The last job I had was working on a large irrigation ditch.

In March the letters from home began to call for my home-coming before brother Albert's wedding which was to be April eighteenth. As I was to be best man at this affair, and, since Johanna Barfknecht, Albert's bride, had asked Sarah Pankow to be bridesmaid, I certainly did not want to miss out on this. Although I had other sweethearts in the meantime, I never wanted to pass up any chances to win favor in Sarah's eyes; she was tops.

So I came home in early April and had the pleasure of "standing up," with Sarah, at Albert's wedding.

As was the custom, the bride and groom and their attendants danced the first square dance together. Sarah, not wanting to be a prude, and really enjoying it herself, danced with the rest of us. For this she was roundly berated when her father heard about it.

After the wedding Albert and Johanna moved into a house in town. He had bought the pump and windmill business from Albert Setz and he also worked in the blacksmith shop with Adolph Fischer. He later bought out Mr. Fischer and operated both businesses for a time. Then he bought a farm south of town and again became a farmer. Later he retired from the farm and moved to town. He did not stay retired long, but went into the oil business with his brother-in-law in Lake Mills. In this business he remained until he really retired because of ill health.

After brother Albert was married, mother, myself, Henry, Edwin and Lena constituted the home family. We got along wonderfully well together.

Although I did not have pneumonia again, I always felt that I would have to get off the farm eventually, not only for my own sake but because I thought Sarah Pankow, whom I hoped to persuade eventually to become my wife, would not be able to withstand the rigors of farm life. Therefore I began to take short jobs that were offered away from the farm, hiring a man to take my place on the farm when necessary.

One summer I took the job of engineer in the Portland stone quarry. I worked at this until the quarry closed up for the winter. This work was certainly not conducive to anyone's health as the stone dust was sometimes almost unbearable.

I did not go back the next spring but that summer took the job of engineer at the canning factory. Later the malt house needed an engineer in a hurry, and I, being the most likely and easiest available, was asked to take the job. This being a comparatively steady job, I severed my connections with the work or operation of the farm. Henry and Edwin, who really had been running the farm anyway, took over entirely from there on.

I still continued to live at home until, after much hesitation, Sarah finally consented to become my wife. We were married February seventh, 1910 and moved into a brand new home which we had built during the fall and early winter of 1909-1910.

Soon after our marriage the foreman at the malt house, Mr. Ellingson, quit his job and I was asked to take his place. That same fall Mr. Hales, the superintendent, was transferred to Minneapolis to take charge of a malt house which our company had purchased there. This left me in full charge.

About a year later the foreman in Minneapolis under Mr. Hales decided to quit. I was offered the job but refused because we did not want to leave our new home and all our friends and relatives. However, Mr. Hales made the offer so attractive that it was practically impossible to refuse and we left our honeymoon home and moved to Minneapolis.

There we made living quarters in what had formerly been the office. It was not a very pleasant place to live. It was near a railroad and street car crossing which made it very noisy. We lived there for eight years and Sarah was more or less invalid most of the time. There our daughter Sarah was born.

In 1919 we again built a new home on a quiet street only two blocks from the malt house. It seemed like moving out into the country when we got into this home in April of 1920. Sarah at once began to improve in health and we got along without a hired girl thereafter. We had to have a girl nearly all the time we lived at the malt house.

Shortly after we moved into our new home the malt house was closed down on account of prohibition. I was compelled to seek other employ-

ment. I worked for a few months at the steamfitter's trade. Then I started selling insurance and continued at this work until at the age of sixty-five I retired. Since retiring from the insurance business I have kept fairly busy doing odd jobs, such as small carpenter jobs, pipe fitting, cement work, and one summer drilling wells. This well drilling was very interesting work. I now work when a job offers if it appeals to me. It does not take much to keep me busy now. For the past year I have been working off and on with this genealogy and history. I hope to get it finished and into book form before I cash in my chips.

In the early summer of 1911 Henry was married to Elsa Baker. They lived with mother on the home farm during the summer while the buildings on the Fiebiger farm were being renovated for occupancy. The Fiebiger farm adjoined the home farm on the north. Father had purchased it from Emil Fiebiger in 1900, the year before his death. From that time until brother Henry moved onto the farm it was operated in connection with the home farm. The house was not used at all during this time and the barn was used very little. It took considerable doing to put these buildings in shipshape for occupancy.

In the fall of 1911 Henry and his wife moved into the rebuilt house on this farm and there their family of five children were born. Henry and his family lived on and operated the farm until his death in 1929.

After his death Elsa and her brood of children moved into town, where though in meager circumstances, she managed to give them all a high school education and raised them all to become respected citizens in their community.

In 1913 sister Lena, the baby of the family was married to Bruno Gottschalk. After a wedding trip to Minneapolis they moved onto a farm in the Town of York which was owned by Bruno's father. They lived on this farm for nine years. There Helen, their only daughter was born in 1916.

In 1922 they bought the L. P. Knowlton farm one mile north of the Village of Waterloo. They lived in the corner house formerly occupied by Reuel Knowlton for six years.

In 1928 they built a large new brick veneered house on the original home site where L. P. Knowlton had built a mud and plaster house shortly after his return from the 1849 California gold rush.

This home site is located in a most advantageous spot. Toward the west is a gradual rise to the top of a ridge about seven hundred yards from the house. To the south the Village of Waterloo lies in the peaceful looking valley of the Mauneshia with panoramic hills beyond. Looking toward the east one sees, in the foreground across the road, a nursery with evergreens and all sorts of shade trees and flowers. In the valley about a mile away lies the Village of Portland on the banks of the same stream that traverses the Village of Waterloo. Beyond this is rolling prairie as far as the eye can see, and on a clear day one can see the steeple of the Catholic Church and the water tower of the City of Watertown fourteen miles away.

Lena's marriage left mother and brother Edwin alone on the farm; quite

a change from former years when there were regularly six to twelve at the table.

Edwin began to look around to see what he might do to correct this situation. In 1915 he married Lena Splittgerber and brought her into the home. The first year after his marriage was a rather hard one for mother. It was difficult for her to accommodate herself to the idea of giving up the management of the home over which she had had undisputed control for so many years. However, when the children came along she became quite reconciled to her lot and was happy in caring for and watching the children develop.

She had much influence over the children and they loved their grandmother about as much as they loved their parents. It was a real tragedy for them when she died in 1939 at the age of eighty-six. But she was not only mourned by this immediate family. All her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren felt her loss keenly, as did the whole community in and around Waterloo.

She had been a real Christian character dedicating herself to usefulness and service throughout her life. Her death ended the family life of the second generation in America.

At the time of this writing, 1950, the fourth generation, children of the third, are all grown up and most of them have families of their own. Only five of the third generation are still living at this time, Emma, Mary, August, Edwin and Lena. The other six, Leonard, Ida, Henry, Louisa, Albert and Bertha have passed on. In a few more years those now living will also have passed into history. It is the hope of the writer that the genealogy and history contained in this book may give present and future generations a glimpse into the past, and that it may be of assistance to those of the present and future generations who wish to write the chronicles of later times.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, March 12, 2000 A.D.

To My Great Grandson:

Fifty years ago today your great grandfather is writing you this letter. While browsing around in the attic on a rainy day you will probably find this book in a box containing pictures and relics of your grandmother's day. Well, here are greetings from your great grandfather.

Your name, of course, is not Gorder; it probably is not even August. Your grandmother, Sarah was the only child we had and she married your grandfather, Gilbert Bucka. I hope that you are a Christian and belong to a Christian church. You should be grown up by this time and may already have a son of your own. I pray that you may raise your children, "In the fear and admonition of the Lord."

I think it will be interesting to you to receive a letter written fifty years ago about conditions in the world at this time. From the contents of this book you will get some faint idea of what some of your forebears were like. The pictures will show what some of your ancestors looked like and how they dressed.

It was five years ago that World War two ended. Your grandfather fought in that war and came through it unscathed. He was in the army a little over four and a half years. While there has been no fighting during the past five years, there has been a cold war which has kept the world in a continuous state of anxiety. Communist Russia and her satellites in eastern Europe on the one side, and the United States and the rest of the world on the other have been throwing slurs and insults at each other continuously and no one feels safe or will venture to predict when the next hot war will start.

The United States used the atom bomb to finish the war with Japan. Since the war they have improved on the bombs used at Nagasaki and Hiroshima and are talking of making a hydrogen bomb which is to be a thousand times as powerful as the atom bomb. You know what the outcome was. I hope they never used either of them.

We have had the radio about thirty years now and nearly everyone has at least one in the house. Television was invented several years ago, and in the areas where it can be used it is becoming quite common in homes. Airplanes have been perfected to such a point that the jet planes can be flown faster than sound. The President has his own official plane in which he travels about. Airplane accidents are quite common. In most of these the occupants are usually killed. A few days ago the worst one yet happened in England in which eighty-two were killed. Your great grandfather has never gone up in one and never intends to.

Since the election of Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 the country has steadily drifted toward socialism. His first administration started spending the country out of the depression and they have continued the spending orgy ever since. The national debt has grown during this time from a few billions to about two hundred sixty billions. What the outcome of this was

you probably know by now. If these debts were not repudiated you, no doubt, are still paying for them.

The younger generation seems more and more inclined to favor giving up their individual liberties in order to get the security which a government, favoring socialism, is promising them. The public debt does not seem to bother them. Too many of them seem to think the government can give them a living without their working for it. Strikes are rampant. It is easy to make a living, but most people are dissatisfied. I wonder if this trend toward socialism has continued to your day. I hope that a more stable and sensible economy has returned. The government is now taking nearly 30% of the people's income and is paying it out where it will get them the most votes to perpetuate themselves in office. I hope that you are not a drone and are working to make your own living. I pray that democracy, real democracy, will again come into power so that individual liberty, not mob license, may be the heritage of you and your children.

Your great grandmother and I are living in a house at 910 Essex Street Southeast, Minneapolis, Minnesota, which we built for ourselves in 1920. Your grandfather and grandmother and their two children, one of them your father or mother, are living in a house at 3553-35th Ave. S., Minneapolis. They have just bought a lot at 3232-43rd Ave. S., Minneapolis on which they intend to build a brand new house this summer.

With the hope and prayer that you may still be privileged to live in houses above ground in your day instead of having to crawl into bomb proof caverns,

I am your

Great Grandfather

AUGUST F. GORDER

ORIGINAL POEMS

by

August Gorder the 3rd

At various times during the past twenty odd years the writer has been asked to do his bit to help entertain at gatherings. I usually responded by writing and reading an original poem. Also, the pastor of my church often asked me to write some pieces for the youngsters at Christmas time. Then again there were times when I simply felt the urge to write another poem. I have often thought of having a book containing all my poems printed, but have always decided they were not good enough for that.

Since this book is not large and can easily carry a few more pages, I am using this opportunity to get a few of them into more permanent form than typewritten pages, in which form they have been up to the present time. I hope, too, that you may enjoy reading some of them.

— THE AUTHOR.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

Do not be a knocker, 'tis better to boost,
Your chickens will surely come back home to roost.
The crop that you reap is from seed you have sown;
A wheat crop has never from weed seed been grown.

Don't poison the water for others, my friend,
You'll drink of that water yourself in the end.
Bread of kindness cast out on the waters of love
Will return to you manifold, blessed from above.

If a helping hand always you lend the distressed,
You will seldom if ever by want be oppressed.
Give to others a kind and encouraging word,
And the same, when in sorrow, by you will be heard.

If you spread only malice, unhappiness, gloom,
Rest assured that these evils will yet be your doom;
But radiate happiness, joy and content
And the world's greatest blessings to you will be sent.

The booster is welcomed wherever he goes,
The knocker is hated for broadcasting woes.
You cannot escape this just law of your God;
You'll reap what you sow till you're under the sod.

So be up and doing the good deeds of life,
Encourage your neighbor, eliminate strife.
Give to those who are needy, cheer up those who weep,
And a crop of contentment and joy you will reap.

SIN AND GRACE

God made man alone in Eden, and He said, it is not good,
I will make an helpmeet for him to prepare and cook his food,
And to cheer him when he's lonely, out of man's own flesh and bone
Made He woman, sweet and comely, Paradise He made their home.

Then He gave His blessing to them, multiply, your kind increase,
Fill the earth, He said, reign over all on land and in the seas.
Of all fruit trees in this garden, "eat" but pass just this one by,
On the day that you eat of it you most certainly shall die.

But the prince of evil, Satan, came to Eve and said, "hear me."
"God's afraid your eyes will open, Eat of the forbidden tree,
And be wise as God Himself is, do not fear, you'll never die,
Eat, you'll know both good and evil"; Eve took heed, believed the lie.

Then to Adam gave she also of the fruit which made them heir
To eternal death, damnation, they were caught in Satan's snare.
Out of Eden were they driven, they could go back nevermore;
Adam must earn food and shelter, Eve in suffering children bore.

But a ray of light was gleaming, God had promised life and grace
To all who in faith accept Him, Savior of the human race.
God so loved the world He sent us Jesus from His heavenly home,
From eternal death and sorrow He can save and He alone.

He fulfilled the law completely, not in deed or word or thought
Did He waver from perfection, He to us salvation brought.
Jesus suffered tortures for us, in our stead on Calvary;
Cursed by man, by God forsaken, crucified upon the tree.

Rose again from death, victorious over devil, death and sin,
Opened up the gates most glorious, so that we might enter in;
Clothed in His most righteous raiment, whiter than the purest snow,
God accepts again all sinners who accept Him here below.

ADDENDUM FOR WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

Since the days of our first parents, pain and death must suffer all
But not all the blessings given are denied us by the fall.
Man and woman are united in the bonds of wedlock still,
Children bless and cheer their union, fill the earth is still God's will.

You dear couple of the many children in this vale of tears,
Have survived through joys and sorrows/through these twenty-five past years.
/during these past fifty years. Etc.
May you keep the tie unbroken as you've kept it in the past,
Till your days on earth are over and you're home in heaven at last.

PROVERBS

Young men, I would give you a bit of advice;
In regard to your job I would speak.
As to whether in life you will be a success
Or if just an existence you'll eke.

What is it that makes for success in this life?
Is it wisdom, or knowledge, or strength?
Or beauty, or handsome profile, or fine clothes?
No, these things help little at length.

You must have a good character, cheerfulness, pep,
If in life 'tis your wish to succeed.
If you carefully, honestly do all your tasks,
You will find yourself soon in the lead.

If you never do more than to earn what you get,
You will never get more than you earn.
You will stay in the rut that you make for yourself;
This truth about life you should learn.

So apply yourself diligently to the tasks
Set before you, and try more to do.
Never mind if the noon or the quitting time clock
Should strike ere with work you are through.

Good appearance, and wisdom, and knowledge, and strength
Are a boon for most men to possess,
But willingness, honesty, cheerfulness, pep,
When applied to your work bring success.

And remember this boys, you cannot expect
To achieve much success if you're out
Until late in the night at dances and shows
With the girl that you're (crazy) about.

Some girls may enjoy helping spend all your dough,
Such girls are not for you the best;
The girl who expects to hear wedding bells soon,
Will send you home early to rest.

The body which God has allotted to you
Is affected by every abuse,
Unless you preserve it with good care and rest,
It will soon be of no further use.

Take care of it well, you will need every bit
Of its energy, so to succeed,
That when you are through, they will say this of you;
Faith, service, and love were his Creed.

BE FAITHFUL TO JESUS

Be faithful to Jesus, trust only in Him;
Yield not to temptation, lest thy faith grow dim;
Go oft to His temple, hear often His Word;
Give Him thy devotion, keep close to thy Lord.

Be faithful to Jesus, be just and sincere,
Tell Him all thy troubles, He always is near,
He guides and protects thee through life's dreary way,
Pray Him that He keep thee from going astray.

Be faithful to Jesus, He saves thee from sin,
He opens the portals for thee to go in
To mansions of glory prepared for the blessed.
To all who are faithful He gives peace and rest.

LIFE'S MOTTO

Let us ever be kind, not provoking to wrath;
So soon ends the time, and so short is the path
That we travel together, at last as a dream
The years that have gone like minutes will seem.

May all through life's journey our hearts be united;
May shortcomings always with love be requited;
Then when we arrive at the end of our course,
We shall have no regrets nor suffer remorse.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

There is a commandment to youth
With promise, in God's book of truth.
It is this: Thou shalt honor thy father
And thy mother who gave thee birth;
That it may be well with thee
And thou mayest live long on the earth.



Hew to the line of honesty,
Let the chips fall where they may;
Do not betray your conscience,
Fear not what people say.

Fear rather that which God forbids,
Do that which He commands,
Place all your cares and troubles
In His Almighty hands.

Do what you know is just and right,
Avoid temptation's lures,
Have faith in God, then in the end
The victory will be yours.

Christmas Poems

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

The prophets of old had foretold the event,
A Savior to all men on earth should be sent,
In eternity born from the Father alone,
He must yet become man all our sins to atone.
When the time and the prophecies had been fulfilled
He selected a virgin, pure sweet, undefiled;
From her should be born our dear Savior and Lord
To redeem us and teach us God's own Holy Word.
In Bethlehem, Juda, as prophets had said,
He was born, and on hay Mary made Him a bed.
Then she watched o'er her Son with a mother's sweet love,
Thanking God for this wonderful gift from above.

To the shepherds who out in the fields on that night
Were watching their flocks, there appeared a great light,
And the heavenly choir began sweetly to sing,
Peace and joy to all men, praise to God the great King,
For unto you all has been born on this day
A Savior, God's Son, go in haste on your way
To Bethlehem, there you will find Him at rest
In a crib, in a stable, in swaddling clothes dressed.
Then they went without halting to Christ's lowly bed,
Where they found it all just as the angels had said,
And they went back rejoicing with many a word
Of praise for all wonders which they'd seen and heard.

Some wise men came also from far eastern clime
To visit the greatest of Kings of all time,
Though they travelled for miles o'er the desert's hot sand,
They were not dismayed, they would touch the King's hand.
They had seen His bright star and had followed it thence,
Brought Him presents of gold, myrrh, and sweet frankincense.
They were glad to give homage and gifts to the King,
And had come from afar Him these presents to bring.
To the ends of the earth when the Christmas bells chime,
These men will be praised who with faith so sublime
Came to worship and honor their King from on high
Whose star had shone brightest of all in the sky.

Let us too bring presents and praises to Him.
His life giving love for us never grows dim.
He gives us contentment, security, peace,
From sin, death, and devil He gives us release.
He will take us if Him we have truly confessed
To the mansions of glory prepared for the blessed.
Let us open to Him when He knocks at our door;
Let Him have highest place in our hearts evermore;
Let us pledge Him our lives, though at times we may fall,
Let us pledge Him our love and obedience in all;
Let us bring to Him gold so that all may be reached
And the gospel of Christ to all men may be preached.

THE OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

O, give me the old fashioned Christmas
That in childhood to me was so dear
And sing me the old fashioned Christmas songs
That were caroled in melody clear.

Those carols were old when I was a child,
Yet every year they were new,
Telling the story of Christmas
In words and melody true.

Why must we have new songs each year
Which seemingly have no theme
But of Santa Claus and jingle bells;
So sacrilegious they seem.

"O come all ye children, O come one and all."
Is a song that we sang every year,
And the song, "Come let us adore Him,"
Was to old and to young ever dear.

And where can you find 'mong the new folderol
A song such as "Silent Night."
Without the old songs my Christmas is dark,
Be it ever so brilliant with light.

You may have your new fangled Christmas
With its jingle bells, Santa Claus songs;
You may have your forest of little trees
Where one stately tree belongs.

But, give me the old fashioned Christmas
That I knew when a little boy,
And sing me the old fashioned Christmas songs
That filled me with heavenly joy.



Just once every year we children hold sway
O'er the hearts of our elders, 'Tis on Christmas day.
We give recitations, some short and some long,
And we tell of the birth of our Savior in song.
We hope you will like our weak efforts this year
To tell the old story and give Christmas cheer.
If some of you suffer with sorrow and grief,
The story of Jesus will give you relief.
We children are happy and hope you are too,
And the most blessed Christmas we wish all of you.

CHRISTMAS

When the tree is all agleam
With its many colored lights,
Oft in memory I dream
Of sweet bygone Christmas nights.

In my dreams I seem to hear
Mother singing songs of old,
And her voice seems loud and clear
As the old sweet tale she told.

When we gathered 'round her chair,
As she knitted with a smile,
There was nothing anywhere
That could us from her beguile.
There we heard the sweetest story,
As no other tongue can tell,
Of the Christ, Who left His glory
To be our Immanuel.



On that first Christmas bright and fair,
How I should like to have been there
To hold the little Christ Child dear
When on the earth He did appear.
But He was born too long ago
For me to cuddle Him and so
I'll hold Him close in faith and love
Until we meet in heaven above.



Christmas carols on the air,
Christmas bells ring everywhere;
Old and young rejoice today,
For our Jesus shows the way
To a happiness sublime
At this blessed Christmas time.

May the Christmas Gospel be
Preached so all the world can see
How dear Jesus saved us all
From the curse of Adam's fall.
May the Christmas spirit stay
In our hearts, renewed each day.

CHRISTMAS

When autumn turns to winter
And frost and snow appear
I always think of Christmas;
The best time of the year.

Thanksgiving we have turkey;
I get the neck and wings,
At Christmas time I get these too
And many other things.

There's nuts and apples, toys and games,
And candies red and white.
If I were twins I couldn't eat
Another teeny bite.

But what is best of all dear folks
When Christmas day is here
We celebrate Christ's birthday;
It's the best day of the year.



Oh, Bethlehem how wonderful thy named is blazoned forth,
To all the corners of the earth, East, West and South and North.

In thee, in quaint surroundings, in thy most humble stall
The Son of God was born to be a ransom for us all.

Thy name, Oh, Bethlehem, is now enshrined in every heart;
For thoughts of what transpired in thee do joy and peace impart.



To fulfill the promise given
Long ago, Immanuel
Came to earth from up in heaven,
God with us, on earth to dwell.

He was born in lowly stable,
Placed into a bed of straw,
Born in poverty, but able
To redeem us from the law.

So we celebrate His coming;
Childish voices clear and strong
Speak and sing a hearty greeting
To our Lord in verse and song.

CHRISTMAS

My mama says that Christmas comes
Just one day every year.
If I were smart like papa is
I'd make it stay right here.
My pa can do most anything
If he makes up his mind.
I'm going to ask him, papa dear,
Please won't you be so kind?
And make it Christmas every day
Until the whole year's through?
I think that would be lots of fun
For all of us, don't you?



The poor are always with us, so many folks in need
Are thinking not of presents, but how to clothe and feed
Themselves and children, for they're sick or maimed and cannot earn
The necessary things of life. From Jesus we should learn
That we must share with them the things that God to us has given,
For Jesus owed us nothing, yet He came to us from heaven
To share His all with us and make a place for us above.
Can we refuse a helping hand to those who need our love?



'Twas many years ago tonight
When first the Christmas star
Dispersed all darkness with its light,
Brought wise men from afar.

The shepherds also saw it,
When angels from above
Sang praise to God, good will to men
God now reveals His love.

Its light has not grown dim with years,
It still leads us today
To Jesus who allays all fears
And gives us peace alway.



Instead of giving presents to those who give to us,
'Twould show the Christmas spirit and be more generous
If we would give to those in need, in want and in despair
Whose clothes are torn and tattered, whose cupboard shelves are bare.

To give to friends who give to us is nothing but a trade,
It does not emulate the gift that Jesus to us made.
True giving is to give to those less fortunate than we;
Such giving let us practice, and more like our Master be.

CHRISTMAS

The time of all the year is here
When merry bells ring loud and clear
To tell of our dear Savior's birth;
Long years ago He came to earth.
He came because of Adam's fall,
From sin and death to save us all,
And if we love Him and obey
To heaven He will show the way.
So let us all be happy now
And love and faith to Him avow.



When Christ was born the angels sang:
Peace and good will to men
And glory unto God on high.
Let me repeat again,
What they so many years ago
Sang sweetly from the sky,
Peace and good will to men on earth
Glory to God on high.



We children like our dolls and toys,
With these we like to play,
But surely all good girls and boys
Agree with us today,
That best of all the presents is
The one which many scorn;
God gave it to us all, it's this,
Our Lord the Christ-child's born.

This church is large, I am so small,
Will you be quiet one and all
So that my message may be heard
And you will understand each word?

The Christ child years ago was born
In Bethlehem on Christmas morn,
And all good children since that time
Love Him, and praise His Name sublime.



We haven't gone to Sunday school
A long time yet you see,
We're still in kindergarten
But we enjoy the tree
And all the other Christmas things
More than you grown folks do.
We think it's 'cause Christ was a child
At Christmas time. Don't you?

Surely in us you can see
Happy children gay and free.
We've a message here to tell
Of our Lord Immanuel.

Of that dear sweet heavenly Child
Who was born so meek and mild
In a stable long ago.
All the children love Him so.
Together —
To our Savior, Christ the King,
Happy, thankful hearts we bring.

Humorous Poems

THE NIGHT I PROPOSED

Dear Friends: You're about to hear fully exposed
The high and the low of the night I proposed.

Says I, I must dress in my finest tonight,
I must be at my best, for it wouldn't be right
To go to my sweetheart in shabby old clothes,
Especially when I expect to propose.
Say Ma: Are my pants and my coat nicely pressed,
And where in the world is that new satin vest,
And I want those new stockings with bright polka dots,
And the pretty green necktie with all the red spots."

"Don't worry," says Ma, "Here's your suit and your vest,
And the stockings and necktie are there in the chest."
I put them all on and I strut round a while
To get up my courage, I've sure got the style.
Believe me when into the mirror I look
The picture I see beats a fashion-plate book.
"Now show me," says I, "anywhere if you can
The girl that could ever refuse such a man."

Now what shall I say when I get to her house,
Gosh I'm awful upset, I'm as scared as a mouse,
First thing I believe I will ask for a kiss,
Then perhaps I should say to her something like this:
"I've been wanting to tell you for ever so long
In words of endearment, in verses and song,
That I love you dear sweetheart, will you be my wife?
I love you much more than I love my own life.

Do you think that would do to tell your best girl?
The sweetest of women, the most precious pearl?
It probably would, but it's not what I said
When I got to the question my tongue was pure lead.
We sat on the sofa, I was so ill at ease,
One moment I'd sweat and the next one I'd freeze.
She said, "What's the matter, what's worrying you?
You seem so downhearted, unhappy and blue,
Please tell me, I'm sure that between us we'll find
A solution for whatever bothers your mind.

I stuttered and fussed, and said, now just look here,
We've been going together for over a year,
Do you think — could you like — that is — would you be,
Oh, shucks, could you marry a fellow like me?
Why this is so sudden, She said, but I'm sure
That being your wife won't be hard to endure.
Let's tell the good news to my folks right away,
They're anxiously waiting for our wedding day.

THE MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE

There's so much agitation around the country now
Against mail order catalogues and chain store gangs, somehow
I feel in duty bound to write an ode in their defense;
No independent merchant would save us such expense.
You men who keep on ranting about the books they send
Should, when you've heard my story, esteem and comprehend
Their value to us simple folks who in the country live
Without accommodations, such as the cities give.

When the fall and winter catalogue comes to our humble shack,
The spring and summer one goes out to the house that stands out back,
And when the warmth of spring appears in place of winter blasts,
The fall and winter one goes out and till the autumn lasts.
We owe the companies our thanks who send these useful books,
We formerly cut paper squares and hung them up on hooks,
Or gathered corn cobs red and white into the corner bin,
Or husks, the inside leaves of which were very soft and thin.

But now this irksome labor we needs must do no more,
These books save us much precious time compared with days of yore.
We simply put the book out back and each tears off a sheet;
No husks nor cobs mess up the floor, the place keeps looking neat.
In just one book we have our choice to use what e'er we like,
A coat, a dress, a handkerchief, a napkin or a bike,
A music box, a pair of shoes, a baseball or a bat,
A muslin shirt, a necktie, a glove, a cap or hat.

In fact whate'er our fancy craves we have at our command;
You city folks are at a loss this boon to understand;
You needs must buy expensive rolls of tissue thin and bare,
Without expense, our heart's desire, we from this volume tear.
Just one improvement should be made, I'll write to them a letter.
Dear Sirs: — You'll much improve the books and serve our purpose better
If you omit the colored sheets, they're much too hard and smooth,
If you'll put soft ones in their place, you'll have our thanks forsooth.

We start in using ladies coats the first week of September,
We get to shirts for men and boys and neckties in November,
At Christmas time we're using dolls and story books with care,
By Lincoln's birthday we have reached a table or a chair,
Some time in March we come to where there's woven wire fence,
'Tis then we know we're nearly through and now must soon commence
To use the fall and winter book, which lying on the shelf,
Has waited for the other's end to get in use itself.

And if our city cousins don't often come to call
It should last through the summer until the early fall,
But if they gorge on apples green as they so often do,
Ward Buck sends special catalogues to last the summer through.
Now that you've heard my story, I'm sure you realize
The very great important need this book to us supplies.
If you, when on a touring trip, should ever leave your card
Out in a little country house, you'll also thank Buck Ward.

TEACHING (Tune Yankee Doodle)

The art of teaching has a name
That's very highfaluting;
They call it pedagogy
If to students they are prating.
But if the children you would teach
And get their full attention,
Just take a stick of hickory
And spank where I won't mention.

You'll find of all the plans there are,
This one is far excelling,
In teaching writing, 'rithmetic,
Religion or in spelling.
You'll find the children comprehend,
The dumbest with the brightest,
The language of the hickory stick
Applied where pants are tightest.

THE FICKLENESS OF PANTS

You can't depend on pants in play,
They're apt to be quite fickle;
While playing kitten-ball one day,
Mine left me in a pickle.

I suffered much embarrassment
When stooping to the ground,
They ripped, Oh what predicament,
I dared not turn around.

For if the folks should view my back
They'd see what I could hear —
The rending, ripping, tearing crack
That happened in my rear.

The crowd said, "Turn around let's see
What it is all about."
"Play ball," the umpire yelled at me;
I felt like passing out.

Time out, I said, and with a will
Backed up the steep incline,
Where in the cottage on the hill
Were pants to cover mine.

I never was in such a fix,
Those pants were ripped, and how,
They ne'er again will play such tricks,
They're in the rag bag now.

Written when the last of the 1928 Model T Fords had come off the assembly line and the Model A car was about ready to be shown to the public.

MY 'TIN LIZZY

I like my Tin Lizzie, I like her a lot.
In the winter she's cold and in summer she's hot.
But except for these faults she is all to the good;
She has a real power plant under the hood.

Although on occasion she'll grumble and groan,
She never refuses to take me back home.
While she hasn't the speed of some products of art
She is gone many miles before others can start.

Where others go down in the mud and then stop
My Lizzie just lightly goes over the top.
Although she has gone sixty thousand and more
She keeps right on going as ever before.

She doesn't complain if her bath I neglect,
I do it on purpose her paint to protect.
Whether cold, warm or hot, whether snow, rain or dew,
She travels contented as when she was new.

She is now well broke in, she knows just what I like,
So she keeps on the go and does not make me hike.
She will take all my friends, no matter how many;
If I ask, "are they heavy," she says, "no not any."

She will stand much abuse, she is funny that way,
Most girls with such treatment would quit right away,
But she takes it good natured, with springs loaded down
She takes the whole bunch through the ruts into town.

I suppose you have wondered what makes me so glad,
And happy and jolly while others are sad.
I will tell you the truth, though you've probably guessed,
'Tis because with a Ford I have always been blessed.

The time will soon come when my Lizzie's worn out,
Ford's new Lady then I'll be driving about.
They say she is fast and as smooth as a glove,
But Lizzie, Ah Lizzie! You were my first love.

21
22
104

